

try. The Confederates have always lamented their lost opportunity of capturing Washington. The Federals have always tried to believe that their defeat was a "*blessing in disguise*."

Our regiment lamented the death of our Brigadier-General Bee, who, in the six days that we were in his brigade, had won the respect and confidence of all; and among our many dead we especially lamented the loss of Col. Fisher—noble—true—brave, almost to a fault. He had the qualities that would have made him most useful in the army. No better provider for his men could be found; they were devoted to him.

After the battle our brigade was commanded by Gen. H. C. Whiting and was known as the 3rd Brigade. We were camped for a week or two at Bull Run, but, to be in a healthier location, we were moved back and camped near Bristow Station, a place that afterwards became famous. Whilst here Col. W. D. Pender came to us and took command. The regiment suffered severely from sickness and many died of disease.

In the fall of 1861 we were moved down near Free-stone Point, on the Potomac, above Dumfries'. There we stayed until cold weather and then built winter-quarters.

During the fall and winter we took our turn in picketing along the Potomac and on the Occaquon, and in guarding the batteries that were intended to command the river at Quantico and Evansport. Sometimes there would be alarms, and sometimes, whilst we were guarding these batteries, there would be long-range duels, and a few shells would be thrown at us, but we had no serious fighting.

The winter of 1861-62 was uneventful. About the 8th of March, 1862, we, in accordance with orders, burned our winterquarters with a great deal of our baggage, camp-supplies, &c., and marched southward, crossing the Rappahannock at Falmouth, and pitched our camp near Fredericksburg. We were not pressed or hurried in the retreat, the movement seemed to be a deliberate one, and the necessity for the immense destruction of baggage and supplies of all

sorts, which took place *by order* when the army fell back from Manassas, has never been made apparent.

At Fredericksburg a number of recruits joined the regiment. Toward the latter part of March it was found that large numbers of troops from McLellan's army were being transported down the Potomac. We were ordered to move again, and, leaving Fredericksburg, we took the road towards Richmond. After marching as far as Wilford Station we were placed on board the cars, but were stopped at Ashland. After a few days stay there, we started again in light marching order and went by the country roads to Yorktown, arriving there towards the last of April, and were camped west of the town near the Williamsburg Road.

During our stay at Yorktown there were several alarms, and we were called into line several times, but the enemy did not advance.

It was soon evident that some important movement was in contemplation. The preparation that was being made seemed to be for fighting the enemy there.

On the morning of the 4th of May we were called quietly into line, and our regiment was formed across the Williamsburg Road, facing toward Yorktown. Regiment after regiment filed by—that movement had been going on all night—the whole army was falling back, and we were assigned the post of honor, the rear-guard on that road. There was nothing between us and McClellan's advancing army but a few cavalymen. Again and again, many times during the forepart of that day, as our army passed on, we would drop back and reform our line across the road, prepared for the enemy's advance, but we had no fighting to do.

When we got in sight of Williamsburg, and the forts and earthworks that had been prepared for defence there, we expected to see them fully manned by our troops. But the troops were all resting around promiscuously, apparently without any expectation of an enemy.

When we reached the earthworks we were not halted,